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WHOLE NUMBER 467.

The Office of The Interior Journal has been removed to Masonic Hall, Entrance on Lancaster Street, next door to Farmers National Bank.

How Can a Woman Tell?

By reading the signs of the times.

With her hand she reads the signs.

When, during the day, she reads the signs.

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Ecclesiastic Strait Jacket.

"I have no sympathy with ecclesiasticism."

—said Dr. Talmage in his sermon last Sunday morning.

"If you will show me the style of a man's amusements and recreations, I will tell you what are his prospects for this world and the world to come."

I think one of the ghastliest mistakes ever made by Christian men is the attempt to put down the sports of youth.

I have known men of such a morbid state and of such twisted theology that they were opposed to ball playing, hotel chorales and tableaux, and cried with all their parlor amusements, and when young people, full of exuberance and vitality, ask what shall we do for recreation?

"Prayer meetings," [laughter.] I have noticed, however, that people who do not know how to play do not know how to work.

I have noticed that the night men in the Church of God in all ages have joined in hilarities and recreation.

William Wilberforce trampled hoops with his children.

Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree.

Thomas Chalmers filled kites with his children.

These amusements are to be shunned that disgust one with every day life.

All amusements are bad that are calculated to pull us down in moral and physical health.

I want you to avoid all amusements that are beyond your means.

How many tables have been robbed to pay for club champagne?

The corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress.

There are excursions of a day that make a tour clear around a month's wages.

There are ladies whose life business it is to go shopping.

Some of these recreations have their echo in bankruptcy.

A shake in the money market is echoed with a stagger across the richly furnished and carpeted mansion.

And the whooping of bloated mothers comes home to break poor old mothers' hearts.

How often are we ministers asked to go over to New York and beg off young men who have made false entries or taken money from the drawer.

Many a young man is wrecked by amusements that are beyond his means.

"Then I charge you not to make amusements your life-time business."

Life is a serious business, whether you were born in a palace or a hovel.

Alas for the man who has nothing to do in this world, where there is so much for ourselves and for others.

Alas for the man who spends his life in laborious doing nothing.

After evil men have destroyed a man, body and soul, what will they do? They will chuckle over your damnation.

Look at that young man with good impulses and high aspirations.

He is a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers.

I know such a young man, and the men who came and sat unmoved at his funeral gazed at the coffin as a culture at a carcass of the lamb, whose heart they had ripped out.

The chief of bureau of engraving and printing has made an estimate of the amount of time required to do the mechanical work of printing the bonds and notes required by the new Funding law.

It now requires forty-two days to print registered bonds that are already engraved, thirty-four to print coupon bonds and thirty-two to print notes and certificates.

It will require a much longer time when new designs have to be engraved and new plans made.

It would take full three months to have the paper made and paper made, as the paper for all the bonds will have to be made, and the order cannot be given until the bill becomes a law, as the size of the paper depends, of course, upon the length of the bond and the number of coupons.

It is evident, therefore, that the Government will lose several millions of interest which might have been saved had Congress enacted the law in time for these mechanical preparations to have been made, so that the bonds could have been ready at the time the 3d mature.

"Gracious, Charles," said she, "can it be that you are ill?"

"Yes," answered he, as he arose and ran the poker through his hair in an ill-directed, agitated manner.

"Good-night, darling. Don't kiss me," he continued, shuddering, "you might catch the fatal scourge, and be burst out of the door and disappeared."

The young girl, as she wandered distressed and musing out of the room, next tackled a gruff old lodger, who, in pretty strong language, convinced her of the fact that she had been eating onions; and she discovered the joke by asking the same girls who had played the trick on her, in an agonizing tone of voice, if her breath was really perceptible.

They exploded with ill-timed levity, and then told her all. She says now she never will have any thing to do with them again as long as she lives, and as for Charles Augustus, well—[Baltimore American.]

Disgust Accretions in Cities.

The rectangular method of laying out cities leads not only to architectural monotony, but also to a great loss of time and travel as soon as the area covered becomes at all extensive.

The tendency to go across lots, to save time and distance, is one condition of civilization; and when thousands of people are concerned, the thwarting of the tendency is the reverse of profitable.

A rectangular system of streets, with diagonal or radiating avenues, like those of Washington, is vastly more convenient.

In a paper read before the Philadelphia Engineers' Club, Prof. Haupt, of the University of Pennsylvania, showed that the combined system is also vastly more economical.

In a city like Philadelphia, where half a million people live at least a mile from the business center, the checker-board plan leads to an enormous waste of time and effort.

To those whose homes lie in a direction diagonal to the run of the streets, the zigzag course they have to take increases their travel more than a third.

A diagonal street through the heart of the city would save a mile and a third. The street car lines of the city carry something like 100,000,000 passengers a year.

Upon this and the average yearly expense to the people of travel, Mr. Haupt calculated that every mile less in distance was a saving to them collectively of \$1,500,000 in about 3,000 years in time, and about 3,000,000,000,000 pounds of energy.

Two diagonal avenues were recommended for Philadelphia, with "cut-outs" or diagonal lanes for pedestrians.

A New Way to Progress Marriage.

The tide is turning at last. A young man in Nelson county, Iowa, armed himself with a revolver and sallied out to shoot a young woman who had declined the offer of his hand.

But she was up to snuff. She read the papers and had frequently seen accounts of similar affairs, quietly resolving that no discarded lover could make a victim of her, not if the court, or rather the courted, understood herself.

When the young man arrived at the house on his deadly mission he found the fair and cruel one in the kitchen doing the week's ironing.

She didn't appear to suspect and he expected to have an easy time preparing her for the Coroner; but when he reached around to the pistol pocket, with the remark that her time had come, she stated, "I guess not," and knocked him down with the flatiron, demolishing his nose and front teeth.

Then she gave him the scalding contents of a tea kettle that was singing a cheerful air on the stove, and when the family came in she was mopping the floor with him.

The next time he proposes and is refused he will probably conclude that that settles it.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

A Drunken First Trip.

A Cleveland merchant determined to send his son for a trip on the road in the interest of the house.

The young man was rather averse to going, but his father's persuasion were all-powerful, and he went.

He was out some ten days, and on his return his father anxiously inquired, "Well, my boy, did you get many orders?"

"Yes, father," answered the awestruck drummer; "I got quite a number."

"Good!" exclaimed the delighted father. "I knew you would succeed. The young man grinned and answered: "Well, the first order I got was in Squashobog. I went into a man's store there and he said 'git out!' In Bangville I got my second order. This time it was 'skip!' My third order was 'chase yourself round. My next order was 'scot,' and—"

But the old gentleman hastily arose and kicking his hopeful sample case across the office, sternly commanded the young man to go out and help him load the truck.

AGAINST FREE PASSES.

The free pass system over Railroads to Legislators and public officials, is likely to cease, if public sentiment can control corporations in the matter.

One advantage of this will be to shorten legislative sessions. The free pass system tempted our lawmakers to spend their Sundays in Cincinnati and Louisville, virtually destroying Saturdays and Mondays, as business days during the session, as well as producing a demoralizing effect upon the members.

It is a move in the right direction, and shows however corrupt officials may be, the minds of the masses are pure and patriotic.

—[Mercer Enterprise.]

When you see a man who parts his hair in the middle like a sensible woman, and his wife parts hers lopsided like a sensible man, you can safely bet that the wife does not hang out the clothes-line, or get the kuddling wood; and also that she doesn't go to bed first on a Winter's night, and never gets up first in the morning.

Incident of the War.

Artemus Ward once said he "would love to die for his country, but, if it was all the same to his country, he would like to die of old age."

An amusing anecdote, which shows that Artemus' philosophy is widely entertained, is told by a writer in the Philadelphia Times.

It was told by one of the boys who were present at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

When the lines of both armies were advancing to the charge, a rabbit, or more properly a hare, was aroused from his quiet seclusion immediately in front of the Confederate line, and went bounding away to the security of the hills, making at each jump a large exhibit of white bunting.

In the line there was a great, raw-boned North Georgian, who was celebrated for his indomitable courage and reckless bravery.

He had the reputation of being willing to fight anything, and was supposed not to know the meaning of fear; but his apostrophe to the vanishing rabbit not only put the matter in a different light, but caused a burst of laughter from all who heard it. He said:

"Go it, little cotton-tail! Go it while you've a chance. I'd run, too, if I didn't have any more reputation at stake than you've got!"

The poor fellow never returned from the charge. He had lost his chance of running.